

Quid Novi

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MCGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW
FACULTE DE DROIT DE L'UNIVERSITE MCGILLNovember 30, 1987
le 30 novembre, 1987

MODERN GENOCIDE

By Christine Deom
Martha Montour

It is difficult for the average Canadian citizen to believe that genocide still exists in our country. Although it is not done by conventional military methods, but by legislation and corporate power, it still has the same effect. Chief Bernard Ominayak of the Lubicon Nation visited McGill students on Friday, November 13, in order to create an awareness of the reasons behind the modern genocide to his Nation. He outlined the support needed to fight this effect.

One of the mechanisms is the boycott of the Glenbow Museum's *Spirit Sings* exhibit of Indian Artifacts which has been sponsored by Shell Oil, as a cultural event in conjunction with the Calgary Winter Olympics. He said he hoped this boycott would focus attention on his band's continuing fight for a land base and, as well, focus on the role of the oil companies and governments in what he called the "genocide of my people".

The Lubicons were evidently unknown to government authorities until little more than forty years ago. "We never signed a treaty," Chief Ominayak said, "and we never got the reserve promised by the federal government". In 1939, a 65 square kilometre area was set aside by Ottawa with Albertan agreement for the purposes of a land base. A survey which never happened and never turned over the land to the Lubicon. Evidence began to surface that the Lubicon were gradually disappearing from the official

registration lists. The Chief mentioned how one family had half its twelve children transferred to another band's list while the remaining six children were declared non-status, although sharing the same parents.

In 1973, the Alberta Provincial Government began construction of a road into the Band's traditional area with the clear purpose of opening up the area for development and ending the isolation of the Lubicon. The Lubicon, clearly alarmed about the influx of outsiders, filed a caveat with the province to give notice to these outsiders that the Cree retained unabrogated aboriginal title to their

traditional lands. The province asked the court to postpone hearing the case, while relevant provincial legislation was rewritten, *retroactive* to before the Indian caveat was filed, which effectively dismissed the Indian action as no longer having any basis in law.

Dozens of multi-national oil companies moved in force into the area and deliberately sought to undermine the traditional economy. Chief Ominayak detailed accounts of events, such as the deliberate fires in the area raging unchecked, which burned thousands

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JULIUS GREY NOMINATED TO U.S. SUPREME COURT

By Richard G. Oldham

Special to the *Quid Novi*

WASHINGTON - In a move that has sent shock waves through the Capitol and the nation, President Reagan has nominated McGill Law Professor Julius Grey to the United States Supreme Court, making Professor Grey the first non-American to be chosen for the Court.

Reagan's startling announcement comes in the wake of two ill-fated presidential nominations. Judge Robert Bork, a former Yale professor, was rejected by the Senate, and

Judge Douglas Ginsburg, who taught at Harvard, was forced to withdraw from consideration amidst controversy.

In a press conference yesterday, the President gave his reasons for this historic choice:

"Bork was rejected because of his 'paper trail' of reactionary decisions and articles. Ginsburg was too busy smoking drugs to write anything. Professor Grey is really perfect - an experienced academic from a prestigious school, with a long list of publications - yet no one I know can make heads or tails out of anything Grey has said or written for the past 10 years."

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

TALMUD CLASS

Every Wednesday, 1:00 p.m.
Room 202

Taught by former student Greg Bordan. Everyone is welcome, no background needed.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS

The McGill Moot Court Board would like to extend congratulations on behalf of the Faculty and the Dean's Office to the participants in this year's Bar Prize Moot.

Winning team:

Paul Fitzgerald
Roberto Cucci

2nd place team:

Karen Amaron
Stephen Drymer

Best pleader:

Paul Fitzgerald

2nd best pleader:

Stephen Drymer

Special thanks to the many that attended this event making it a very successful and memorable occasion.

LSA UPDATE

By Kenneth Rosenstein

Review of L.S.A. Legislative Council Meeting November 25. The following issues were addressed.

1. The L.S.A. appointed five law students to sit on SSMU Committee to evaluate law students relationship with them.

2. Resolution was passed to divide proceeds from "Limited Liability Party" between the *Quid* and the Sports Committee to help fund the Law Games.

Executive Reports

1. President: The L.S.A. motion regarding the Wednesday 12:00 - 2:00 time slot reserved for activities is going to Faculty Council. The L.S.A. expressed their disappointment in Professor Sklar's disregard for this L.S.A. and university policy. A long-term solution to the problem was suggested. That being to allocate a time slot in the schedule for make-up classes. The intent is to protect those students rights who wish to partake in various activities. The L.S.A. is looking into a photocopier to provide an additional service to students. It would be run on a break even basis. The course evaluation results are on reserve in the library. The L.S.A. has asked McGill radio to supply a stereo and speakers in the lounge as per their promise.

2. Treasurer: There has been a drop in revenues received from cafeteria sales. No

student activities are expected to be impaired by this. There is too much dependence on these revenues. Therefore, a long-term solution for funds is being looked into. Clubs must get prior approval for funds from the L.S.A. from now on. They will no longer operate on a reimbursement basis.

3. Senator: The Senate passed a new academic admissions policy: That only first time, first degree students be considered for McGill University entrance scholarships.

Committee Reports

1. Curriculum Committee: A motion is being brought to Faculty Council that for students pursuing the National programme who entered the Faculty in September 1985 the minimum number of semi-obligatory B.C.L. Degree credits be changed from 13 to 12, in light of the fact that "Special Contracts" for 4 credits is no longer available. It has still not been definitely decided whether the first year "Legal Writing and Research Course" will be a letter grade evaluation. Improvements to this course will be suggested.

2. Admissions Committee: The proposal for a deferred admissions program to be decided in next Faculty Council meeting. There will be a special Legislative Council Meeting on Wednesday December 2 to debate this issue. The L.S.A. urges all students to discuss this matter with members of the Council.

3. Library Committee: The University wants to centralize our technical services in McClennan. The matter is still under discussion. In light of the lack of space in the library additional resources (the other law buildings) are being looked at to supply students with study rooms. A suggestion was brought up to reintroduce an express photocopy machine in the library.

4. Varia: Dissatisfaction was expressed as to the LL.B. courses being cut in half this year

HOLIDAY GREETINGS & BEST OF LUCK ON EXAMS!!!

From the entire QUID NOVI staff*!!!!

*If you are curious as to who we are, kindly refer to page 4.

Murder-by-Law

By Teresa Scassa

XVII

Tracy slowly felt herself regaining consciousness. She knew she was lying down and that the ropes no longer cut into her flesh. She could hear a faint but persistent scratching noise, like a mouse loose in an abandoned shed. She opened her eyes in consternation.

The room was bright and white. She was lying in a neat sterile looking bed and a bag of clear fluid dripped cheerfully into her arm. The scratching noise was the sound of Lily's emery board as it delicately shaped her long nails.

"Oooh," exclaimed Lily with pleasure as she saw her friend's eyes flicker open. "You're alive."

Reassured, Tracy tested her voice. "Where am I?"

"In hospital. You've been unconscious forever. I hope you're not brain damaged."

Tracy was sure she should be grateful for this concern.

"What happened?" inquired Tracy, as the reality of her escape began to sink in.

"Well," began Lily with obvious delight. "Where should I begin? Let me see, you remember Frank and Dinah?"

"Yes..."

"Well Jack, he's the newspaper editor..."

"I know who he is."

"Oh. Well, I wasn't sure how brain-damaged you were. Anyway. Jack and I followed Frank and Dinah to their date to see if they were the murderers."

"But they weren't."

"I know. And they're not an item any more either because Frank called her 'babe' and she dumped her soup in his lap," Lily giggled. "So now none of the girls want to go out with Frank because they think he may have lost his only redeeming features. Isn't that wild?"

"Uh huh," uttered Tracy dubiously. "But what does that have to do with me?"

Lily looked at her wide-eyed. "Nothing. I thought you wanted to know what happened?"

Tracy closed her eyes. She sensed the onset of a headache.

"Are you sinking into a coma again?" asked Lily.

"No," was Tracy's weakened response.

"Look," said Lily, hoping to cheer up her friend. "Look at all the flowers everyone sent."

Tracy opened her eyes to observe the rather grisly collection of shrivelled blooms. "They're dead," she remarked.

"Well you almost were too," pouted Lily. "Anyway what do you expect? They've been sitting there for a week. You should have regained consciousness sooner."

Tracy stifled an apology. "Who are they from?"

"Those," said Lily, gleefully indicating a lurid tangle of wilted passion flowers, "were from Maurice."

Tracy groaned.

"Be nice," said Lily. "He calls twice a day to

see if you're conscious."

"Tell him I've died," implored Tracy.

"I don't have to," responded Lily with a gossip's glee. "He fell in love with your doctor. He only really calls now to hear the sound of her voice. He'll probably be disappointed that you're better."

To Tracy's surprise she felt rather hurt by Maurice's unfaithfulness. "Oh," she responded, feigning nonchalance.

Seeing her friend's discomfort, Lily drew her attention to the other bunches of flowers. She indicated a great pot full of heavy purple chrysanthemums. "Those are from the Dean," she supplied.

"They look like funeral flowers."

"Well, nobody knew for sure," exclaimed Lily. "And the Dean didn't want to waste money. You know, cutbacks."

"Oh," said Tracy ungratefully. She noted that the flowers were standing on a pile of casebooks. "Whatever are those for?" she asked.

"That's for if you recover," replied Lily apologetically, "The faculty decided that you have to write your exams in two weeks with the rest of us. Apparently they can't exercise their discretion if there's an R in the month or something."

"But I've been in a coma!" exclaimed Tracy.

"Well, that's what the student council argued. But Professor Whaul said since you sleep through all your classes, being in a coma might even give you an advantage."

Tracy moaned in dismay. To distract herself she gazed at the gorgeous array of deep red blooms by her bedside. "Who sent those beautiful roses?" she asked.

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Julius Grey...

Cont'd from p. 1

The President said there was another compelling reason for the nomination:

"In these days of affirmative action for minorities, and equal opportunity for women, I can think of no finer choice for the United States Supreme Court than Julia Grey - probably the most highly regarded woman jurist on the Continent.

When an anxious Washington press corps informed the President that Professor Grey's first name was actually "Julius", Mr. Regan appeared shaken, and departed from his prepared text for the first time, saying only: "Julius who?"

After the President was helped from the podium, Nancy Reagan concluded the press conference by stating that the White House would continue to back Grey, despite the gender revelation. Said the First Lady, "His name may really be Julius, but my Ronnie is no Brutus."

Back at home, the Grey nomination threatens to politicize a traditionally tight-lipped and conservative legal community to an unprecedented degree. In the U.S., it is common practice for legal scholars from across the nation - including the nominee's fellow faculty members - to testify before Senate on the candidate's qualifications and reputation.

When Dean Roderick Macdonald was asked by the *Quid* how he intended to testify, if called before Senate, he replied, "With a straight face, if possible."

Professor Steven Scott's answer was considerably more colourful, but was unfortunately unprintable.

Most inscrutable, on the testimony question, was former dean John Brierley, whose only reply was, "Julius who?"

When reached by the *Quid*, Professor Grey himself said he was "delighted, but one might daresay not very surprised by the news."

Grey said he was confident he would be confirmed rapidly by Senate, and would be taking up residence in Washington by New

Year. He said this would not affect his teaching performance at McGill.

Once on the High Court, Grey vowed, "no to forget my McGill and Montreal roots."

Grey's plans include a film version of his book *Immigration Law of Canada*, to be shot in Montreal. Already rumoured to be interested in the project are Ben Kingsley, playing the role of a Sikh boat person who washes up on the shores of Newfoundland. Arnold Schwarzenegger, as Junior Immigration Minister Gerry Weiner, and Ed Asner in the role of Grey himself.

Grey promised to contribute substantially to the McGill Alumni fund, and to donate his ego to the McGill Psychology Department.

As a Supreme Court judge, Grey said his objectives would be to extend the doctrine of "fairness" to new areas of law and regulation, and to exert a "literary influence" on the Court.

Summarizing this great challenge with the characteristic Grey style that has endeared him to several McGill students over the years, Professor Grey explained:

"I intend to emulate Chief Justice Dickson. With *Martineau No. 2*, he accomplished nothing less than the jurisprudential embodiment of Sophocles' *Antigone*: The parable of the obsessed and tortured martyr, which holds so profound a message about the proper balance between the claims of the individual, and the claims of the society of which he is part."

"If there is any difference between Dickson and myself, it is the more Buddenbrucksian construction I place on the phenomenology of law. In the final analysis, I'm basically a Mann man, with a Kant cant."

Speaker's Corner

December 4
Cass Sunstein,
University of Chicago

Topic T.B.A.
Host: David Stevens

Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p. 3

"Jack," replied Lily.

"Really?"

"They're for me, though," said Lily coyly. "I just put them there so that I could look at them while you were still a vegetable." Lily paused to archly toss her curls.

At that moment, Jack appeared in the doorway. He uttered a cry of delight and ran forward with his arms outstretched.

"Lily!" he cried. "I've missed you so much."

Lily batted her eyelids in acknowledgement of his worship. They gazed in rapture at each other. Tracy felt almost obligated to sink back into a coma. Instead she cleared her throat.

"Tracy!" cried Jack as he turned to face her. "It's me, Jack."

"I noticed."

"She's not very brain-damaged," explained Lily. "She's just a little touchy."

"Tracy! Thank God you're all right!" exclaimed Jack. "Boy, when we found you slumped in that chair...."

"Finally!" sighed Tracy. "Will you please tell me how I escaped?"

"I was getting to it," pouted Lily. "Anyway, you didn't escape. You were rescued." She looked up at Jack in adoration. "Jack was wonderful!"

"Jack rescued me?"

"Well, not exactly. But he said some pretty cutting things to those two when they were arrested." Lily sighed in contentment. She looked up at her beloved. "Where's Bruce?"

"Bruce?" inquired Tracy.

"Yeah. He's the..."

"I know who he is. He's *here*?"

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NEWSFLASH: LAST TWO DAYS OF EXAMS CANCELLED!!!

By Mark Segal

It was discussed at Friday's Faculty meeting that the last two days of exams - December 21st and 22nd - will be cancelled. An alternative evaluation method will be used.

Dean Macdonald explained the last minute decision: "I was greatly disappointed with the attendance at law school functions this year. Eddie Greenspan and Gilles Rémillard spoke to near empty Moot-Court-Rooms. Though more people attended the Bar Prize Moot this year, it was still less than expected; the students should have packed the place in support of their peers. The strongest reason, however, is the relatively small crowd at the Halloween party, the dismal turnout at the End of Mooting Party, and the fact that people were in the library the night of the *Limited Liability Bash*." The Dean continued, "I am ashamed and deeply concerned about the quality of our future graduates. We are producing too many bookish types who labour under the illusion that their purpose in going to law school is to attend classes, brief cases, prepare summaries, and write exams in hopes of getting jobs with the so-called prestigious law firms. Let's face it, just about any student we admit could get the top grades if that was the exclusive goal to which he dedicated himself." Macdonald concluded, "We want to make a strong statement that over-studiousness will not be rewarded. While some students have selfishly missed every extra-curricular activity, others have

served their school honourably, faithfully turning out to applaud dialogue and guzzle beer. We want them to know they're appreciated.

Academic Dean Morissette explained the replacement evaluations: "Students should still show up at the scheduled times. Each will be paired up with a classmate and be required to discuss the issues of that course for one hour. It will be a closed book discussion. After the hour, each will grade himself according to the honour system. Their partner then reviews the grade; either leaving it as is, or changing it up to a maximum of one half grade in either direction. For example, if you give yourself a B+, the final mark determined by your partner will range from a B to an A-.

Professor (and former Dean) Durnford approved Macdonald's bold initiative. "It's about time the priorities were straightened out around here. Only once in my life did I write an exam without first having a double whiskey - I got a D and it was the last exam I ever wrote sober."

Pleased with the prospect of grading less papers, the faculty overwhelmingly approved the change. Yet there were two dissenters. Professor Buckley complimented the Dean's use of incentives but feared the real reason for the change was the pressure from leftist law students who com-

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NON-LEGAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR LAW SCHOOL GRADUATES...

DAVID L. JOHNSTON

Jeanne Cadorette

Obtenir un diplôme en droit signifie souvent devenir avocat et pratiquer cette profession pour une grande partie de sa vie. De nos jours pourtant une part significative des diplômés entrent dans des secteurs d'activités différents de la pratique traditionnelle.

Originaire de Sault Ste-Marie, David L. Johnston a obtenu un baccalauréat es arts de l'Université Harvard avant d'opter pour le droit au lieu de la médecine. Il a ensuite étudié deux ans à Cambridge avant de terminer ses études de droit d'une façon accélérée à l'Université Queen's (en un an...). Monsieur Johnston a été admis au Barreau ontarien mais n'a jamais eu le temps de terminer son stage car il est devenu professeur à Queen's à 26 ans. Ensuite, enseignant pendant six ans à l'Université de Toronto, il a pourtant réussi à écrire sur le droit corporatif et à être commissaire à la Commission des valeurs mobilières de l'Ontario. Il a pu ainsi participer à la réforme de ce secteur de 1972 à 1979. Monsieur Johnston s'était aussi vu confier l'analyse de la restructuration de la Faculté de droit de l'Université Western Ontario. Lorsqu'il a remis son rapport on lui

NEWSFLASH...

Cont'd from p. 5

plained about the competitive nature of exams and demanded a more just distribution of the higher grades. One other professor stated anonymously, "Like, this will totally reduce the value of being a gold medalist; I think it's yucky."

Initial student reaction was mixed. Down at the Peel Pub, one student said he was greatly relieved because he still hadn't bought the casebook; but in the library a first year student griped, "I'm really pissed off. I went all term without sex so I'd be more alert and wound up - and now I end up by getting screwed by the Dean."

a simplement offert de concrétiser lui-même ses propositions de réforme en devenant doyen de cette Faculté. Il a occupé ce poste de 1974 à 1979 puis a été choisi par le comité de sélection de l'Université McGill pour occuper le poste de recteur et vice-chancelier.

Devenir recteur de McGill en 1979 alors que la province vient d'établir des lois de protection et de promotion du français et que le référendum et ses possibles conséquences cognent à vos portes, est tout un défi. Monsieur Johnston m'a avoué que sa connaissance du français était très minime à cette époque mais que l'immersion dans la culture québécoise et francophone a été une expérience très enrichissante pour lui et sa famille. Pour Monsieur Johnston McGill est un pont entre les langues et les cultures au Québec et en prendre la direction voulait dire contribuer à une institution importante dans le développement du Québec.

David L. Johnston avait décidé d'étudier le droit à cause de ses préoccupations de justice sociale et de son goût de changer la société. Il n'a pas vraiment pratiqué le droit traditionnel mais son implication en tant que médiateur dans certains conflits de travail lui a permis d'allier la pratique à la théorie.

Selon Monsieur Johnston les différentes étapes de sa carrière ne sont pas des choix faits dans la perspective d'un plan de carrière. Des portes se sont ouvertes à certains moments de sa vie et il a voulu relever les défis qui s'offraient à lui. Une constante apparaît pourtant dans le cheminement du recteur. Il a toujours cru que le droit était un outil socio-instrumental important et a voulu participer lui-même à sa réforme, même lorsqu'il était un jeune professeur. L'âge importe peu quand on sait défendre logiquement ses positions!

Pour David L. Johnston certaines qualités acquises pendant ses études de droit sont essentielles pour accomplir les obligations de sa position actuelle: la capacité de comprendre une gamme de phénomènes et de s'ajuster aux changements de la société et la maîtrise rapide de dossiers complexes très souvent différents les uns des autres. L'esprit critique et le sens de la perspective sont aussi des atouts dans son travail de recteur de l'Université. Pour Monsieur Johnston c'est surtout l'apprentissage du travail d'équipe qui lui sert aujourd'hui à coordonner les activités de ses adjoints et à utiliser les ressources de chacun.

Monsieur Johnston m'a déclaré avoir été plus influencé par des professeurs que par des sujets de cours. C'est dans sa façon d'aiguiser l'esprit critique des étudiants qu'un professeur peut influencer le plus positivement leur apprentissage du droit (ou de toute autre matière...). Les cours de droit qui ont aujourd'hui le plus d'importance pour le recteur sont ceux qui, d'une façon générale, offraient une base philosophique, historique ou sociale. Les cours plus techniques ont été vite oubliés, mais les plus fondamentaux ont constitué pour le recteur les bases d'une participation active au développement du droit et de la société en général.

Herman

By Jim Unger



9/21

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"If anything should happen to my

MODERN GENOCIDE!

Cont'd from p.1

of acres of boreal forest once used for hunting and trapping. Oil companies have turned hunting and trapping trails into oil roads and posted no trespassing signs. Needless to say the game has been scattered and the resultant toll on the economy, diet, and health of the Lubicon is devastating. Velfare in 1980 was 10%, in 1987 it is now 5%. A new spectre raises its head to further complete this picture of genocidal dimension. Recent diagnosed cases of Tuberculosis, a result of the lowered resistance of these people, is the new enemy. Of 358 members who were screened for the disease, 107 tested positive for the virus, while 41 had active contagious T.B. As a comparison with national figures the incidence of T.B. is usually one in 150,000.

Chief Ominayak encouraged university students to take an active role in protesting the sending of artifacts from Canadian Museums by sending letters to museums, governments, and oil companies involved, to show student support for the cause of the Lubicon. Chief Ominayak singled out the action of Dr. Bruce Trigger of McGill's Anthropology Department for his principled stand against the McCord Museum's sending its Indian collection to the Glenbow Exhibit. Dr. Trigger raised national attention to the plight of the Lubicon when he resigned his honorary membership on the McCord Museum Board over this issue. Dr. Trigger thanking Chief Ominayak said, "What has been done to the Lubicon warns all of us how ruthless our own governments and big businesses can become, when they are not sufficiently held to account by a vigilant public. It is up to us individually, actively to resist the amoral and corrosive forces in our society that put profits ahead of people. History teaches us that those who stand on the sidelines in the fight against injustice become collaborators with the unjust. History does not forgive such people or excuse them for their inactivity."

Further information and documentation will be available on Reserve in the Law Library.

A DYNASTY IS BORN

By Holly "there was never a doubt" Nickel

We did it. The Kickers brought back the Women's Intramural Soccer Championship for a second year running - the cup stays here! The "law" team composed mostly of law alumni and histology students fought hard all season as challenger upon challenger tried to dethrone the champs.

The team faced some pretty tough odds in the championship game. We had lost the services of Caroline "Bulldozer" Ryser and Irene "Finesse the ball" Wolfe, so we were forced to start the game one person short. The medical faculty team couldn't know that their prognosis was so dim.

We quickly took control of the game with a tenacious offence. Adela "Catch me if you can" Rodriguez and "Sharon "Boomer" Buchner tested the opposing goalie repeatedly before scoring just ten minutes into the game. The Medsketeers began to exert some pressure late in the first half, but our halfbacks Darlene "Get out of my way" McRae, Alison "Long ball" Hughes, and Jane "Stretch" Adolphe, were able to keep them under control.

Murder-by-Law

Cont'd from p. 5

"Of course he is, silly. He rescued you."

Just at that moment Bruce entered the room. From where Tracy lay the doorway made a perfect frame for his broad shouldered, rugged good looks. She wondered how she could ever have thought that jaw-line sinister. Bruce strode to her bedside with masculine grace.

"You had us a little worried, said Bruce with a smile that made Tracy suddenly feel glad she was lying down.

"You had a near fatal dose of statutes. The doctor said it's a good thing you have a strong constitution. Actually you may have built up an immunity from having the Labour Code read to you each morning."

Likewise in the second half, their efforts were thwarted by Lorraine "Thunderfoot" Pilon and Lori Anne "Don't I look good in pink" Weston who kept our opponents from scoring. When a shot did get through, Mundy "Sticky fingers" McLaughlin made the necessary saves. The Meds were able to tie it up late in the second half. This sent the game into overtime.

The overtime period did not break the tie, and we had to settle the issue with a shootout. Sarah "No pressure" Dougherty volunteered (i.e., was drafted) to mind the net. We won the shootout 2-1 after a nerve-wracking 8 shots.

We would like to give special thanks to our coach Marcos, without whose support we would not have won. He was heard to exclaim, "You don't win this game by scoring goals", "Next week I want to see a different team out there" and "Doesn't anybody want a practice?" Thanks to everyone who participated and helped out. We hope that next year, the law women (if you can find any) will continue the dynasty.

"Who are you?" blurted out Tracy as she looked into his deep blue-green eyes.

"He's with the R.C.M.P." said Lily proudly. "He's a mountie."

"That's right," grinned Bruce in an outdoorsy way.

"But..."

"I was assigned to the Law Faculty after my department suspected some shady dealings. We'd heard rumours that Brazilian terrorists were using the school to channel arms to the Inuit."

"I've heard that before," murmured Tracy.

"Well, it turned out to be a false lead," admitted Bruce. "But with Dean Rock's help

Cont'd on p. 8

Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p. 7

I'd already established my cover as a law student. Then when McHeath died and your friend Jack started asking hard questions, I got permission from my superiors to stay on and investigate."

"And I thought *you* were the murderer," moaned Tracy.

"I know," said Bruce gently but in a masculine way. "I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't blow my cover. I'm sorry if I frightened you."

"Oh no, not at all."

"She was scared witless," giggled Lily. Tracy glared at her.

"I'm sorry," repeated Bruce.

"That's all right. I guess you saved my life."

"Bingo," said Jack succinctly.

"Shucks," said Bruce modestly. "I was just doing my job."

"Jack tried to phone you at home after you left on Friday. When he couldn't reach you he came to find me in the lounge," explained Lily. "Bruce was there too and when he overheard he leapt up and ran out."

"I ran after him," continued Jack. "he said he thought that the murderers had got to you. He said he had to find you before it was too late. I asked to come too since I realized I had gotten you into this mess. I felt bad. And anyway I knew it would make a great story. So we sprinted for Bruce's car."

"And I came too," interjected Lily.

"Of course you did," intoned Jack, gazing fondly down at her dark curls. She smiled up at him in her most melting fashion.

"I knew about Bellesnotes' country place," continued Bruce in his strong, incisive voice. "I had done my homework. So we headed up there at top speed. I only hoped we weren't too late."

BUCKLEY SITTING PRETTY...

After spending most of the first term in captivity, Prof. Buckley's cherished Harvard chair made a daring escape to freedom (?) last Thursday morning, when it made a surprise appearance in Prof. Buckley's Comm. Trans. Class. The chair, though bandaged, appeared to be in good health, and even showed signs of having done some enlightened reading during its captivity.

Details of the non-consensual retention are only now being revealed. After its kidnapping, the chair was immediately hidden away under a pile of foreign newsprint and plan tickets in Prof. Irwin Cotler's office, where it nearly died of alternative bouts with suffocation and motion sickness.

In the interest of the chair's health and privacy, and for obvious security reasons, the chair was moved to Prof. Julius Grey's office, which the kidnappers knew was abandoned. During this time period, the chair became "attached" to its kidnappers. After

"He went rushing in," gushed Lily. "He kicked open the door. There you were sagging in your chair. Bellesnotes jumped and rushed for a gun. Hyde leaped at Bruce and tried to claw his eyes out. Bruce fended her off and then tackled Bellesnotes before he could aim the gun. They fought all around the room. Bruce finally wrestled Bellesnotes to the ground but then Hyde hurled herself on his back and tried to strangle him."

"Wow!" gasped Tracy. "What happened?"

"I neutralized her," explained Bruce.

"It was really amazing," gushed Lily. "It was touch and go all the way. They might have killed him. Jack took lots of pictures so you'll be able to see it all."

"I don't know if I want to." Tracy looked up at Bruce, "Were you hurt?"

"Just a few bruises," said Bruce mildly. "It's all part of the job."

Tracy gazed up at him. She felt warm with admiration. This is silly, she thought. I'm

the filing of the ransom note, the chair's interest in the kidnappers became perfected

After a time, as the kidnappers spent more time with their UCCs, PPSAs, B & Bs, B & Js, and Supplements, the chair grew lonely. To add to this cruel mental torture, the chair was subjected to the physical torture of having to support the weight of these textbooks for the 2 1/2 months of the term when they weren't in use. Considering that the bearing weight of the books was more than what the chair was accustomed to, the chair decided to leave its sympathetic kidnappers for the cruel world of efficiency, superiority and non-disclosure. On Wednesday, it escaped the confines of the empty office where it was being held, and hid overnight with the new common room furniture.

The next morning it limped into Prof. Buckley's biweekly Comm. Trans. inquisition, where it was welcomed in a somewhat

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falling in love with a complete stereotype.

"What happened to Hyde and Bellesnotes," she asked.

"They got sent up the river," Bruce stated. "They've been charged with murder, attempted murder and statutory rape. It'll be a few years before they're on the streets again."

"Thank God for that," shivered Lily. "The creeps."

"But I thought you liked Bellesnotes."

"Tracy!" gasped Lily scandalized. "What's thing to say."

"Really Tracy," admonished Jack. "That's not very funny."

Bruce tactfully intervened. "I'll just go and get a wheelchair," he informed them. "The doctor said you could leave as soon as you recover."

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Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.8

"So soon?!" asked Tracy in surprise. "The doctor hasn't even seen me yet."

"You can come back for a check-up in a day or two." Bruce gazed hypnotically into her eyes. "You look just fine." He turned and strode manfully from the room.

"Isn't that sweet," gushed Lily. "To compliment you like that. You really look awful."

"Thanks."

"Isn't it great you can go home."

"I think it's weird. When did the doctor say could?"

"I don't know."

"You mean you don't know about this."

"Don't worry about it," said Jack casually.

"I don't like it," murmured Tracy. "He's too mysterious. And that story about the Brazilian terrorists. It just didn't ring true."

"You're nuts Tracy. He's a mountie. Mounties never lie."

"What if he's not a mountie. How can I tell or sure?"

"Oh it's easy," sighed Lily, exasperated. "Mounties don't lie, so if he's lying then he wouldn't be doing a good mountie imitation and you'd know he wasn't one. Anyway," concluded Lily, heading from the wastelands of her logic to surer ground, "He's a real punk and I think he has the hots for you."

Tracy stared at her friends. "I don't want to do with him."

"Don't be silly Tracy. He saved your life," said Jack rationally. "He's just going to take you home."

"Why don't you guys take me home."

"We can't." Lily looked adoringly at Jack. "We have to go proofread Jack's article on our rescue."

EVERYBODY MUST BE SUED!!!

(Reprinted from *The Lawyer's Weekly*, Vol. 7, no. 27)

CLEVELAND, Miss. - It probably won't top the pop music charts, but a Mississippi state circuit judge's lyrical liability ruling may set an entertaining precedent.

Lamenting time-consuming frivolous lawsuits, Bolivar County Circuit Judge Eugene

"Don't leave me here!" cried Tracy as they headed out the door.

"You know what your problem is, Tracy," explained Lily impatiently. "You're paranoid about men. You just have to know how to handle them. Right, Jack?"

"Right," sighed Jack in worshipful assent.

"Anyway," concluded Lily logically, "grow up." She smiled and waved good-bye as she pushed Jack through the door. "I'll call you tomorrow," she announced as the door swung closed behind her.

Seized with panic, Tracy sat up and tried to untangle herself from her I.V. She jumped as Bruce came back into the room with a wheelchair. "Let me do that," he said with one of his rugged smiles.

"O.K.," melted Tracy. Lily was right. He was gorgeous. Bruce lifted her and placed her carefully into the wheelchair. As he tucked a blanket around her knees he looked deep into her eyes and smiled. Tracy repressed a swoon.

"I'm so glad you're taking me home," she murmured.

Bruce did not respond. He took hold of the chair and began to wheel her from the room.

The End

M. Bogen parodied Bob Dylan's *Rainy Day Women* when he concluded that while "everybody must be sued," not everybody should recover.

Judge Bogen recently granted summary judgment in favour of the local Moose Lodge in a suit brought by a man who claimed the lodge was responsible for injuries he sustained when he was beaten and robbed.

W.B. Crain said he doesn't remember being assaulted when he arrived at the lodge to play music for a party. He was found lying unconscious beside his car and didn't regain consciousness until two weeks later, the suit claims.

Using the Dylan lyrics and tune in his decision, Judge Bogen said Moose Lodge is not legally bound to protect the plaintiff from others' criminal acts:

*Well, they'll sue you when you fail to pay the claim,
They'll sue you for bad faith no matter who's to blame.
They'll sue you when you're driving to go home;
Then they'll sue you when you're parked and all alone.
But I would not feel so much abused,
Everybody must be sued.*

After dismissing more of Mr. Crain's arguments, Judge Bogen concluded:

*Well, they'll sue you when you're a little tyke;
They'll sue you and everybody else in sight.
In the land of the free and the home of the brave,
They'll sue you when you're lying in your grave.
But I would not feel so much abused,
Everybody must be sued.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS (REVISED)

(Reprinted from *Capsule Magazine*)

Snuggle up by the fire this Christmas Eve and take your copy of *Capsule* with you (not for kindling please). The following revised version of the classic, *The Night Before Christmas*, will surely make you a hit at any festive gathering.

T'was the nocturnal segment of the diurnal period preceding the annual yuletide celebration, and throughout our place of residence, kinetic activity was not in evidence among the possessors of this potential, including that species of domestic rodent known as *Mus Musculus*. Hosiery was meticulously suspended from the forward edge of the woodburning caloric apparatus, pursuant to our anticipatory pleasure regarding an imminent visitation from an eccentric philanthropist among whose folkloric appellations is the honorific St. Nicholas.

The prepubescent siblings, comfortably ensconced in their respective accommodations of repose, were experiencing subconscious visual hallucinations of variegated fruit confections moving rhythmically through their cerebrums. My conjugal partner and I, attired in our nocturnal head coverings, were about to take slumberous advantage of the hibernal darkness when upon the exterior portion of the grounds there ascended such a cacophony of dissonance that I felt compelled to arise with alacrity from my place of repose for the purpose of ascertaining the precise source thereof.

Hastening to the casement, I forthwith opened the barriers sealing this fenestration, noting thereupon that the lunar brilliance reflected as it was on the surface of a recent crystallizing precipitation, might be said to rival that of the solar meridian itself - thus permitting my incredulous optical sensory organs to behold a miniature airborne runnere conveyance drawn by eight diminutive specimens of the genus *Rangifer*, piloted by a minuscule, aged chauffeur so ebullient and nimble that it became instantly apparent to

me that he was indeed our anticipated caller.

With his ungulate motive power travelling at what may possibly have been more vertiginous velocity than patriotic alar predicates, he vociferated loudly, expelled breath musically through contracted labia, and addressed each of the octet by his or her respective cognomen - "Now Dasher, now Dancer..." et al. - guiding them to the uppermost exterior level of our abode, through which structure I could readily distinguish the concatenations of each of the 32 cloven pedal extremities.

As I retracted my cranium from its erstwhile location, and was performing a 180 degree pivot, our distinguished visitant achieved - with utmost celerity and via a downward leap entry by way of the smoke passage. He was clad entirely in animal pelts soiled by the residue from the oxidations of carboniferous fuels which had accumulated on the walls thereof. His resemblance to a street vendor I attributed largely to the plethora of assorted playthings which he bore dorsally in a commodious cloth receptacle.

His orbs were scintillant with reflected luminosity, while his submaxillary dermal indentations gave every evidence of engaging amiability. The capillaries of his malar regions and nasal appurtenance were engorged with blood which suffused the subcutaneous layers, the former approximating the coloration of albion's floral emblem, the latter that of the *Prunus Avium*, or sweet cherry. His amusing sub and supralabials resembled nothing so much as a common loop knot, and their ambient hirsute facial adornment appeared like small, tabular and columnar crystals of frozen water.

Clenched firmly between his incisors was a smokingpiece whose grey fumes, forming a tenuous ellipse about its occiput, were suggestive of a decorative seasonal circulet of holly. His visage was wider than it was high, and when he waxed audibly mirthful, his corpulent abdominal region undulated in the manner of impectinated fruit syrup in a hemispherical container. He was, in short,

neither more nor less than an obese, jocular multigenarian gnome, the optical perception of whom rendered me visibly frolicsome despite every effort to refrain from so being. By rapidly lowering and then elevating the eyelid and rotating his head slightly to the side, he indicated that trepidation on my part was groundless.

Without utterance and with dispatch, he commenced offloading the aforementioned previously dorsally transported cloth receptacle. Upon completion of this task, he executed an abrupt about-face, placed a single manual digit in lateral juxtaposition to his olfactory organ, inclined his cranium forward in a gesture of leave-taking, and forthwith effected his egress by renegotiating (in reverse) the smoke passage.

He then propelled himself in a short vector onto his conveyance, directed a musical expulsion of air through his contracted sphincter to the antlered quadrupeds of his den, and proceeded to soar aloft in a moment hitherto observable chiefly among seed bearing portions of a common weed. But I overheard his vehiculation beyond the limits of visibility:

"Ecstatic yuletide to the planetary constituency, and to the selfsame assemblage, sincerest wishes for a salubrious beneficent and gratifying pleasurable period between the sunset and dawn!"

Ditto from the editor.

Buckley...
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unsympathetic fashion, i.e., the chair was through the ordeal of a Comm. Trans. literature, during which time the chair plunged to new depths of confusion and boredom. My plea by the chair to its kidnappers for repatriation fell on deaf ears (as the kidnappers had nodded off long before).

Now that the chair has returned to Profrat Buckley, and the security interest in the chair has been reasserted, another ostensible ownership problem has been resolved. When asked for a final comment on the ordeal (i.e., the kidnapping), the chair told a *Quid* reporter, "Although the kidnappers were chairitable, I think Frank needs my support."